Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeles baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By beeing ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tel their children, This is he:
Others would ſay, where, which is Bullingbrooke?
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wan by rarenes ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common ſtreetes,
Enfeoft himſelfe to popularity,
That being dayly ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath,
The taſte of ſweetnes, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to bee ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in *Iune*,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with community,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on ſun-like Maieſty,
VVhen it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men vſe to do to their aduerſaries,
Being with his preſence, glutted, gorgde and full.
And in that very line, Harry ſtandſt thou
For, thou haſt loſt thy princely priuiledge,
VVith vile participation, Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
VVhich now doth that I would not haue it doe
Make blinde it ſelfe with fooliſh tendernes,
Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gratious Lord
Be more my ſelfe. *Kin.* For all the world
As thou art to this howre, was Richard then,
VVhen *I* from France ſet foot at Rauenſpurgh,
And euen as I was then is Percy now:
Now by my ſcepter and my ſoule to boote,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion,
For of no right nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harnes in the Realme,
Turns head againſt the Lions armed iawes,
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Biſhops on,
To bloody battels, and to bruſing arms,
VVhat neuer dying honor hath he got
Againſt renowned Dowglas? whoſe high deedes,
VVhoſe hot incurſions, and great name in Armes:
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe maiority,
And military title capitall,